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MUSIC

The house is still.
The very pictures on the walls have lost their painted meaning.
The place seems new and strangely vacant.
I see the old brown Chinese figure in the panel facing me; he has a look of stupid blankness that is utterly new.
The three big dogs asleep here at my feet—
What cabalistic word will be required to rouse them from their almost deathlike slumbers?
So still—so still the house—
My heart so still.
And I might lift my head and speak and move about and change all this,
But that I know what thing has made it so;
Whose absence the place can feel,
Whose voice is heard no more.
And I think of the great free-sounding melodies that filled the room—
Great silhouettes that passed—
And clear full living tones that live no longer.

This is the lifeless vacuum left by the passage of the storm.

FOREWARNED

What have I to do with the world?
What has the world to do with me—

Who know now that in the end I must have traffic
Only with the things of my own spirit.

PROPHETS

Prophet of joy!
Before ever the deed lived, you came.

Be the fulfilment what it was,
I do prostrate myself for love and lay here at your feet my
heart of thanks.

Prophet of evil!
It is now your hour!

A VOICE BREAKS IN UPON THE SILENCE

Swiftly,
Secretly,
Silently,
Winding through some unsensed aerial channel;
With subtle solace and challenging, it comes—
Suddenly I know that it is there:
"Alert—Alert—Arise!"

. . . . . .

Whatever the day bring forth, that will I greet—
Having drunk divinely, divinely, of the dawn!

Helen Louise Birch